

## Empire Building Directory

H. C. Alexander Brokerage Co. Room 427	Fourth Floor
Board of Education, Clarksburg Independent District. Room 421	Fourth Floor
Croft Lumber Co., J. H. Henderson, Pres., Room 544	Sixth Floor
Alexander & Alexander, Insurance	Fourth Floor
D. D. Britt, Civil Engineer	Third Floor
Walter Barger, Room 544	Sixth Floor
C. A. Fletcher, Lumber	Third Floor
Consolidation Coal Co., Rooms 522-540	Fifth Floor
Citizens Loan Co., Room 316	Third Floor
R. G. Dan & Co., Room 550	Sixth Floor
Empire State Co., Office, entrance basement	
Miss Beulah W. Morgan Room 545	Sixth Floor
Dr. H. L. Osborn, Room 208	Second Floor
Public Stenographer, Room 211 1/2	Second Floor
C. A. Osborn Room 318	Third Floor
Prudential Life Insurance Co., Room 230	Fourth Floor
Rich Mountain Coal Co., Room 427	Fourth Floor
Pittsburg Provision & Packing Co., Room 423	Fourth Floor
Fairmont Coal Co., Room 535	Fifth Floor
G. W. Gail, Jr., Room 550	Sixth Floor
Home Loan Co., Room 444	Sixth Floor
Dr. E. A. Hill, Physician	Sixth Floor
International Life Insurance Co., Rooms 201-203	Second Floor
Clarksburg Telegram Co., Printers and Publishers, First Floor	Main Street
Holmboe & Lawery, Architects	Sixth Floor
Harrison County Medical Society, Room 208	Second Floor
Hope Natural Gas Co., Rooms 754 to 761	Seventh Floor
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Suite 315	Third Floor
Dr. S. M. Mason Rooms 201-202	Second Floor
Neff & Lohm Attorneys-at-Law, Room 207	Second Floor
S. Newman, Ladies' Tailor, Room 532-541-42	Fifth Floor
Owega Bridge Co., Rooms 320-321	Third Floor
Richards Construction Co., Contractors, Rooms 543-545 1/2-546	Sixth Floor
Star, Rig, Reel & Supply Co., Oil and Gas Well Contractors' Supplies, Room 423	Fourth Floor
Sperry & Sperry, Attorneys-at-Law, Rooms 203-4	Second Floor
W. H. Taylor, Lawyer, Room 422	Fourth Floor
A. K. Thorn & Co., Roods Room 428	Fourth Floor
Union Central Life Insurance Co., Room 545	Sixth Floor
Olandus West, Coal, Oil and Gas, Room 318	Third Floor
Dr. J. E. Wilson, Physician, Room 211 1/2	Second Floor
R. R. Wilson, Lawyer, Room 208	Second Floor
Dr. R. D. Rumbaugh, Dentist, Rooms 412-313	Third Floor
West Virginia Fair Association, Room 549	Sixth Floor
Lewis M. Sutton Special Agent Mutual Life Ins. Co., Messanline Floor	
United Brokerage Co., PERKINS BOYNTON Tutoring in French, Latin, Geometry and Algebra. WATER AND MILK ANALYSES 228 Sumner St. Tel. 516-J (Bell)	

## Cheeseparing Cheney

A Close-Fisted Man Was Cured of His Meanness

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Cheney closed the front door softly and walked slowly down the gravelled path. She had a slender, erect figure, with abundant gray hair neatly arranged, and there were a nicety of materials and a refinement of color and detail about her plain costume that set her a little apart from the group of women in the room she had just left.

"That announcement gave her a terrible shock," said Amanda Waters, with a grim smile, as she resumed her stitching of the calico shirt she was making for a missionary in the far west.

"First time she's ever been asked to entertain the Ladies' Aid society since she joined. Seems to me I wouldn't look quite so scared about it even if I felt so." Mrs. Butler pulled her needle in and out of the flannel with sharp little jerks that accented her words.

"I expect she's wondering what old Cheeseparing will say when she tells



AMANDA HELD HER SHEARS ALOFT AND SHOOK THEM VICTORIOUSLY.

him they've got to furnish ice cream and two kinds of cake besides coffee," remarked Ellen Ware.

"It's come to a pretty pass when a woman like Mrs. Cheney can't do her share toward the church without having a fuss about it first. If I had a husband who acted the way hers does I know what I'd do," said Amanda, pulling her work out of the sewing machine and swinging around in her chair.

"What would you do, Amanda?" they asked in chorus.

"I wouldn't say a word to him about it. I'd just go ahead and get the nicest kind of a supper ready for the ladies. I guess I'd go everybody else a little better and have three kinds of cake and a nice salad. Then just at the very last minute after he'd had his supper and was feeling as good as old Cheeseparing could feel I'd up and tell him about it."

"I'd hate to be you, then," laughed Mrs. Butler.

"What would you tell him?" asked Ellen Ware.

Amanda tossed her head defiantly, unconsciously illustrating her remarks. "I'd say, 'Look-a-here, Cheeseparing!'"

"His name isn't Cheeseparing, Amanda, and you know it. It's just plain Henry," interrupted Mrs. Butler.

"Isn't likely Mrs. Cheney would call him that when she doesn't know it's his nickname?"

"If I was his wife I'd know it quick enough," snapped Amanda. "Some busybody would be around to borrow a cup of sugar just for an excuse to tell me all the neighbors was calling my husband 'Cheeseparing Cheney,' and him the richest man in the neighborhood."

"I returned that last cup of sugar I borrowed from you, Amanda," said Mrs. Butler resentfully.

"Who said you didn't?" retorted Amanda coldly.

"You haven't told us what you'd say to your husband," interposed Ellen Ware pacifically.

Amanda held her shears aloft and shook them victoriously. "I'd say to him: 'Look-a-here, Cheeseparing, I'm expecting the Ladies' Aid society, and I've made three kinds of cake—angel, Lady Baltimore and cream—and I've used two dozen eggs to make 'em with. I ordered a gallon of ice cream, and I'm going to make a kettleful of coffee (not burnt beans), and there'll be fifteen ladies and their husbands and all their relations, and if I hear one peep out of you, sir, and if you don't step up and make yourself agreeable I'll march you right down to the root cellar and lock you up.'" Miss Waters paused, breathlessly triumphant, and glanced around at the matrons of the group.

Mrs. Butler laughed. "You can't talk to a husband like that, Amanda Waters," she said scornfully.

"Of course Amanda ain't ever had a husband yet, so she can't be expected

The Pennsylvania railroad has ordered 12,305 new freight cars. They will cost \$3,585,675.

to know just how careful they have to be treated," observed old Mrs. Drake sagely.

"Those on the outside can see best what's going on," muttered Amanda grimly. "When I get a husband, if he won't be till I lose my reason, I guess he'll understand I'll have my rights in my own house."

"There ain't any reason for you to get all het up over it, Amanda," soothed Mrs. Drake. "Mebbe you'll never have to be married, and then you won't have any trouble."

Mrs. Cheney had nearly reached home when she found that she had forgotten her thimble. She chose a short cut back to Amanda's house, where the weekly meeting had been held, and arrived at the back door just in time to overhear the sparkling discussion regarding her husband.

With burning cheeks she turned and left the house, closing the door softly behind her. Across the frosty fields she sped toward home, but pride lending wings to her usual precise gait. Once there within the comfortable sitting room she sank breathlessly into a chair.

A vivid spot of red flickered in her delicate cheeks as she removed her gloves and unfastened her coat. All the time her timid eyes were staring back at the large crayon portrait of her husband that hung on the opposite wall.

Stern, severe, uncompromising, brow, eyes and lips declared his indomitable will, while certain pined lines indicated the miserly strain that was in his blood. From a thrifty young man Henry Cheney had become in his middle life, a niggard and a churl, who denied his patient wife everything save the barest comforts of existence and who gloated over the accumulating balance on his bank books. Now he was a banker himself, and his fine stone bank building was on the corner of the main street of Little River.

Dora Cheney was thinking of the light words that had been bandied about the little sewing circle in Amanda's house. It hurt her sensitiveness to learn that her domestic trial was not the secret she had thought it to be and that all her neighbors knew and understood why she wore the plainest clothes until their shabbiness was eloquent of poverty, and only her own exquisite neatness enabled her to appear to advantage among her more showily clothed friends. She knew that they commented upon the many close rooms in the big house on the hill, and they must guess it was because Henry begrudged the coal it would take to run the heater in the cellar. That was why they lived in four rooms on the ground floor and heated them with stoves.

"Amanda Waters was right—no self-respecting woman would stand such treatment," said Dora Cheney to herself. Then she hid her face in her hands and pressed her fingers against her aching eyes. "I know just what he will say when I tell him, and he will go down to the parsonage and tell Mr. Lees that the monthly entertainment must be held elsewhere, and he will give \$1 to help it along. He doesn't know that I want the companionship of my neighbors and the pleasure of entertaining them in my own home. It isn't right."

At last the gate at the foot of the lawn creaked noisily, and she heard her husband's ponderous step on the path that led to the side door.

Before Henry Cheney had reached the door his wife had tossed aside her wraps and removed her hat with one sweep of her hands. Then she had lighted a lamp with trembling fingers and was lighting another in the kitchen when he opened the door and came in.

He was a large man, tall and broad shouldered and heavily built, with a face that might have been handsome had it not been for the stern lines and the look of greed in his eyes. His hair was frosted with gray, and his cleanly shaved face betrayed a certain hardness. He sniffed the air hungrily as he removed his overcoat.

"I'm hungry, Dora. Isn't supper ready?" he asked, with a little frown.

"I was resting awhile and didn't realize how late it was, Henry. It will be ready in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Cheney grunted and retired to the sitting room with a newspaper, while his wife flew nervously about from kitchen to dining room, preparing the evening meal. She was thinking of the days when they had first been married—when the very sound of his step on the path had set her heart fluttering with anticipated joy. Now her heart fluttered through a sense of misgiving at his approach. She wondered bitterly what she had taken place within his heart that should be so hard and cold toward her. Was it because she had always been meek and timid of his every word? Perhaps it would have been better if he had married a woman like Amanda Waters. Dora Cheney smiled to herself as she thought of it.

"I suppose you've been to that meeting this afternoon," remarked her husband as he carved the small slice of ham.

"Yes," said Dora. "An unnecessary waste of money," commented Henry, stirring his tea. "Do you know how much that \$5 a year would earn if it was put out at interest?" he asked sternly.

"No. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I get \$5 worth of pleasure out of it, and that's enough," flashed Dora, with unexpected spirit.

Henry said not a word, but his look of utter amazement at her temerity in thus replying to him impressed Dora. Cheney to such a degree that she found courage to proceed with a plan which was slowly finding shape in her mind.

The meeting of the Ladies' Aid society was set for the following Thursday evening, and the Monday before

that found Dora Cheney engaged in various strange occupations.

After her husband had departed for business she went from one room to another of the desolated house and raised the windows, leaving the shutters carefully closed, that no one might comment upon the uncustomed sight. Then she went busy as and fro with broom and sifter and several unadorned chambers were spick and span, and she as quietly cleaned the large front and back parlors, dusted the big square piano that she rarely touched nowadays and closed and locked the rooms.

After that there followed several trying days when she cleaned silver and opened long neglected closets and sorted napkins and tablecloths. On Wednesday she baked all day and concealed the evidences of her extravagant display in the roomy attic. Delicious looking cakes they were too. Angel, Lady Baltimore, cream cake and pound cake and the materials that had gone into their making were charged in a special bill from the grocer, and it was an alarming sum. An order for several gallons of ice cream had been sent to the adjacent town, and the magic name of Henry Cheney would insure its prompt delivery.

Thursday night found the Cheney supper table all cleared away at 6 o'clock. Ten minutes afterward Dora came out of the bedroom dressed in her best dress, a blue silk foulard, with a pink geranium in her gray hair. Her cheeks were as pink as the blossom and her dark eyes were shining with excitement. In her ears rang the words of Amanda Waters, and she found courage to do what had to be done.

"Henry," she said to her husband. "I want to show you something."

Mr. Cheney looked up from the paper, stared at her, rubbed his eyes and stared again. "What's the matter, Dora? You're not sick or anything, are you?" he asked bluntly.

"Of course not. Come with me," she said with unexpected authority. And to her amazement he followed her. She led the way into the hall lighted by the red hanging lamp and, ignoring his startled exclamation, threw open the door into the front parlor and displayed the two large rooms brilliantly lighted and pleasantly warm. There was a sheet of music on the open piano and a glimpse was had of the white covered dining table in the third room—there were silver and glass and china.

Henry started, his face growing crimson with suppressed feeling. "There's a fire in the heater," he sputtered at last.

"Yes, there is, and a good one, too," said Dora Cheney courageously. And then, unconsciously imitating Amanda Waters' plain speech, she went on firmly: "Look-a-here, Cheeseparing, I'm expecting the Ladies' Aid society tonight, and I've made four different kinds of cake, and I've used four dozen eggs, and I'm making gallons of coffee, and I've ordered ice cream, and there'll be lots of people here, and I'm going to entertain them the best I know how, and I expect you to help me! If I hear one peep out of you, sir, or you fail to make yourself agreeable, why, I'll put you down in the root cellar!"

There was a horrified silence, while Henry Cheney tried to adjust himself to the new order of things. It might have been Dora's youthful appearance,



IF YOU FAIL TO MAKE YOURSELF AGREEABLE, I'LL PUT YOU IN THE ROOT CELLAR.

the becoming fire in her eyes, that cracked the crust around his frozen heart. "In the root cellar?" he asked dazedly.

Dora Cheney nodded, she was near to tears now.

"Why—I guess it will be all right. You needn't cry about having some company, Dora. I suppose I've been pretty blind about your having a good time. Shall I go and change my clothes?" he asked awkwardly.

"After I kiss you, Harry," sobbed Dora on his shoulder.

"What do I know about it?" asked Amanda Waters that evening as she and her friends were recovering from their delight in the surprise that had awaited them when they knocked at the Cheney door. "Why, I guess that little woman has found out that the biggest men are the easiest to handle—you know the story of the elephant and the mouse? We can't call him Cheeseparing after this spread! How do I know so much about managing men? I do know how, and I guess that's the reason why I ain't married!"

An Oregon inventor has patented a machine for quickly mending broken motion picture films.

## MISSION

(Continued from page one.)

Greetings from Synodical Society Mrs. G. I. Wilson.  
The Stranger Within Our Gates—Mrs. Marian J. Brooks.

The Work of the Woman's Board, Among the Mountain People—Mrs. Percy Gould.

Round table:  
(a) The Ideal Woman's Auxiliary.  
(b) The Ideal Westminster Guild.  
(c) Welcoming the Stranger.

(d) Gen. 28:22, Lev. 27:30, Mal. 3:8.  
Report of nominating committee.  
Election of officers.  
Offering.  
Reading of minutes.  
Adjournment.

There will be a popular meeting in the church at 8 o'clock tonight with the Rev. Dr. H. T. McClelland, pastor of the church, presiding. Miss Jessie Eiker will give an address on "Japan," after which a silver offering will be taken. Tomorrow morning's session will begin at 9 o'clock.

She Had Consumption, Was Dying; Now Well

Eckman's Alternative is being used with success in the treatment of Tuberculosis in all parts of the country. Persons who have taken it, improved, gained weight, exhausted night sweats stopped, fever diminished, and many recovered. If you are interested to know more about it, we will put you in touch with some who are now well. You can investigate and judge for yourself. Read of Mrs. Gower's recovery.

"Gentlemen: Thinking that perhaps a short history of the remarkable recovery of my mother-in-law (Mrs. Anna Gower) might benefit some other sufferers, I give the following testimonial. About September 30, 1908, she was taken sick with Catarrhal Pneumonia, and continually grew worse, requiring a trained nurse. Night sweats were so bad that it was necessary to change her clothing once or twice every night; her cough increased and got so bad that everybody expected that she would not live much longer. In January, when Rev. Wm. Berg, of St. Michael's Church, at Shreveville, Ind., prepared for her death, he recommended that I get Eckman's Alternative, and see if it would not give her some relief. I then requested the attending physician to give his diagnosis and he informed me that she had Consumption and was beyond all medical aid. When I asked if he thought that it was useless to try the Alternative, he replied that 'No physician could help her any and I could suit myself about it.' So I immediately had Rev. Wm. Berg to send for a bottle. Practically without hope for recovery, I insisted that she try the Alternative, which she did. I am glad to say that she soon began to improve. Now, she works as hard as ever, weighs twenty pounds heavier than she ever did before she took sick, and is in good health. She truly says she owes her life and health to Eckman's Alternative."

JOSEPH GRIMMER.  
Eckman's Alternative is effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Trouble, and in upbuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opiates or habit-forming drugs. Ask for booklet telling of recoveries, and write to Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa. for more evidence. For sale by all leading druggists.

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Clarksburg Furniture Co.  
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BELL 'PHONE 200-R,  
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We Trim Your Hat FREE

You get exclusive style, but you don't have to pay Exclusive Prices at this big ready-to-wear store.

We are originators in bringing to the women of Clarksburg fashionable, dependable Suits, Coats, and Dresses at moderate prices. To sell MORE GARMENTS AT LESS PROFIT rather than FEW GARMENTS at more profit, has been our policy.

Gowns, Underskirts and Drawers, worth \$1, now 48c

Women's and Misses' \$15 Suits, now \$6.45

\$5.00 Skirts, new spring styles, now \$2.95

\$8.00 and \$10 Coats, now \$4.95

\$16.50 and \$20 Evening Gowns and Dresses, only \$9.95

Girls' \$2.00 Dresses at 98c

\$1.00 R. & G. Corsets 79c

\$7.50 White Embroidered Dresses at only \$3.75

A BONIFIDE SALE

A sale with a real reason like ours is sure to attract attention. The steady stream of buyers that have filled our store tells the tale why everybody is going to BROWN'S

for the same reason you are, to save money. Be here tomorrow to partake of these wonderful low prices.

Wait For The Big Sale

On Ladies' Swiss Vests at 10c, worth 15 cents

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222 W. PIKE ST. NEW LATSTETTER BLDG.

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